

The Mirror

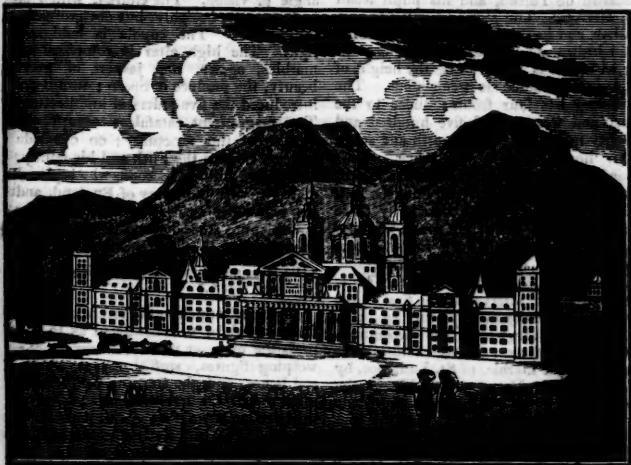
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXVII.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1825.

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The Escorial in Spain.



THE celebrated palace of the Escorial has not undergone much alteration since Francisco de los Santos described it, but Spain itself has been completely revolutionized since this ecclesiastic thus pompously wrote, "in the most illustrious kingdom of Toledo, the centre of the monarchy of Spain, which is composed of so many large and opulent provinces, nine leagues west of Madrid, the court of its monarchs and the metropolis of two worlds, is situated the Escorial."

The name of the building has a very humble origin. Ferruginous ores abound in the neighbouring mountains. Escoria, from the Latin scoria, is the term in the Spanish language for metallic dross, and Escorial is the topographic derivative, signifying the place of reception for this dross. A corruption from the etymology has occasioned the exchange of the second vowel, whence the name Escorial.

This palace is seated on an acclivity, which forms part of the chain of mountains that extend to Segovia, where, taking a direction north-west, they unite with the Pyrenees, which separate the territories of France and Spain, expanding on a broad base from the gulf of Lyons to

the bay of Biscay. The country adjacent to it is barren and inhospitable; a vast forest extends before it, infested by the savage boar and prowling wolf, and reluctant nature yields a scanty produce to the laborious peasant. It would indeed be a difficult task for the historian to perform, if he were always required to assign reasons for the conduct of the characters introduced into his narrative, by what caprice the son of Austrian Charles was introduced to select the unfriendly tract for the construction of this enormous edifice, it is at this day impossible to determine; it is, however, an instructive lesson to after times, that the treasures of two worlds, and the ingenuity of man for twenty-two years, should have been exhausted in unproductive exertions.

One convenience this situation possessed, which, however, is far from being peculiar to it in the country to which we are referring; the materials of wood and stone were supplied from the forests of pine, and from the quarries in the vicinity. The building is not usually described with sufficient accuracy, and hence it has been imagined to possess a singularity of form much greater than appears

on a view of the structure ; it is precisely in the shape of a gridiron in culinary use. The far-famed builder of this artificial quarry, was Juan Baptista de Toledo, "in whom (to use the language of the historic parasite) all qualifications and sciences concentrated." The principal subsequent improvers were Antonio de Villacastro de Toledo, and his pupil Juan de Herrera. The stone has an unusual polish and brilliancy, and veins of blue and brown undulate upon it. The principal façade is to the west, the height of the central dome is tremendous. The building has four fronts ; those to the east and west extend five hundred and eighty feet, those to the north and south four hundred and twenty-five. This quadrangle is adorned with four spires, each of which ascend two hundred feet. The entrance from the west is by three gates, the pedestal of the grand portal is of marble, and supports a row of Doric semi-columns, of fifty-six feet in altitude. Over these appear others of the Ionic order. In the interval of the first is the principal entrance, twenty-four feet high, and twelve feet wide. Its decorations consist of gridirons, and of a colossal statue, in white marble, of St. Laurence, by Juan Baptista Monegro. A fillet at the height of thirty feet, occupies the whole range of the building.

The limits to which we are prescribed do not admit our descending to minute particulars. The structure is composed of four stories, and they compute fourteen thousand doors, eleven thousand square windows, and eight hundred columns. It comprises a royal palace, a church, and all the appendages of a monastery, and of a mausoleum for the interment of the sovereigns of Spain ; and the expense, even in the time of the founder, is said to have been twenty-eight millions of ducats.

Philip the Fourth built the pantheon, or mausoleum. On the 7th of June, 1671, a chimney taking fire, this vast edifice was in imminent danger of being burnt to the ground : the conflagration continued fifteen days without intermission, and four large towers sank amid the general ruin. The whole was restored under Charles the Second, and in its present state, if it be not the most correct and elegant, it is confessedly the most magnificent royal residence throughout Europe.

The orders employed in the principal part of the building are the Doric and Ionic. As a subject of architecture, it is too much broken into parts, by which the simplicity is destroyed ; the narrow high towers, the steep sloping roof, and the small windows disgust the eye. Its mag-

nitude is great, but the works of nature which rise behind it in multiplied forms, of the mountainous character, diminish the imposing effect. The best station to contemplate this structure is at the distance of about a thousand yards on the descent towards Madrid, where the bleak mountain behind it is excluded from the angle of vision. The church, which is in the centre, is richly, but not profusely ornamented. The cupola is bold and light. The high altar is composed of marbles, agates, and jaspers of great beauty, the produce of Spain ; into it are introduced the five orders of architecture. Two magnificent catafalcos occupy the arcades of this sanctuary ; on one side appears Charles the Fifth and his family, excepting Philip the Second, who is placed opposite, with our Mary of England, and his two other consorts. Beneath is the mausoleum ; steps descend into the vault, over the door of which is inscribed—

"Hic locus sacer mortalitatis exuvils catholicorum regum."

A place destined to the reception of the dead should be so constructed as to impress the observer with pious reverence ; weeping figures, stuffed ravens, skulls and bones, and the startling peal of the minute bell are not necessary to excite this feeling ; but an awful solemnity should prevail in the structure devoted to the reception of these silent relics ; from these principles the architect has greatly deviated ; the style is too gay, light, airy, and fantastic, more suited to the merry ghosts of Lucian, than to the decencies of Christian burial.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHARACTER OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE AND HIS WRITINGS

In our last we gave a biographical memoir of Henry Kirke White, and we now insert some extracts from his poems, with critical remarks.

Pascal divides eminent men into three classes, heroes, scholars, and Christians. The least commendable, in a moral view, are the first ; the second are better ; but even these inferior to the third. The last two characters seem, in Kirke White, to have been united.

MORAL CHARACTER.—In all social relations he was eminently exemplary ; a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a warm friend. Indeed, it is impossible, says Mr. Southey, to conceive a human being more amiable in all the relations of life. In his earlier years his opinions inclined to Deism. These, however, were

soon dissipated, and succeeded by a piety at once rational and fervent. Of this his letters, his prayers, and his hymns will afford ample and interesting proofs. His system of belief was what is called *evangelical*. Be this scriptural or not, it had, in this instance, the most beneficial effects. It was, in him, a living and quickening principle of goodness, which sanctified all his hopes and all his affections; which made him keep watch over his own heart, and enabled him to correct the few symptoms which it ever displayed of human imperfection. His temper had been irritable in his younger days, but this he had long since effectually subdued; the marks of youthful confidence, which appear in his earliest letters, had also disappeared; and it was impossible for man to be more tenderly patient of the faults of others, more uniformly meek, or more unaffectedly humble. In fact, no person can study such a character without admiration, interest, and profit; and enviably felicitous is that man's religious state, who can rise from a review of the practice of Henry White, without thinking very meanly of his own. To every candidate for the ministry, to every friend, to every Christian, I would say, "Go and do thou likewise."

LITERARY CHARACTER.—When we consider the disabilities he laboured under till the last two years of his life, his attainments cannot but appear extraordinary. When, after Henry's death, his manuscripts were transmitted to Mr. Southey for publication, he, and his friend Mr. Coleridge (who happened to be present), were equally astonished at the proofs of industry and genius they exhibited. There were papers upon law, electricity, chemistry, the Latin and Greek languages, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study; upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, &c. I have inspected, says Mr. Southey, all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these. Of his classical and mathematical attainments, his academical honours are sufficient evidence. He was acquainted also with Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. His genius was comprehensive and brilliant, fitted alike to every pursuit, and excelling in all. In fact, had his body been half as vigorous as his mind, he would have lived to be, it is probable, not only one of the first divines, but one of the most profound and elegant scholars of his day.

POETICAL CHARACTER.—We do not ask fruits of the spring; it is quite enough that we have an earnest of them in its blossoms. In like manner, it were idle

to expect from twenty the maturity of forty. It is sufficient praise for Kirke White to have done well at an early age, in which none of our poets, perhaps, have done much better. "Cowley, Milton, and Pope," says Dr. Johnson, "are distinguished among the English poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood; and, therefore, of him only can it be certain that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer years." And I would ask, what poem did Cowley publish, in his minority, superior to the "Clifton Grove" of Kirke White, written in his *sixteenth year*? The greater number of his poems, says Mr. Southey, are of so much beauty, that Chatterton is the *only* youthful poet whom he does not leave far behind him:—

"Thou soul of God's best earthly mould,
Thou happy soul! and can it be
That these * * * * *
Are all that must remain of thee!"

WORDSWORTH.

In support of Mr. Southey's assertion, I would refer my readers to the poems themselves. These, however, may not be within the reach of all; I shall proceed, therefore, to make one or two short extracts. Were I asked to prove Kirke White's claim to the character of a genuine poet, I think I could very safely quote the following lines among innumerable others:—

"Yes, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poesy!
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart hath register'd, nipp'd by the chill
Of undeserv'd neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing Poesy! though thou hast ceas'd
To hover o'er the many voiced strings
Of my long silent lyre, yet thou canst still
Call the warm tear from its thrice hallow'd cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart. Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand
O'er the responding chords. It hath not ceas'd—
It cannot, will not cease; the heav'nly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek;
Still, though unbidden, plays." * * *

If this be mere verse, if this do not stamp him a poet, I confess I do not know what poetry is. I had intended to quote much more; but, on consideration, this appears superfluous, and would be encroaching too far on the valuable pages of the *MIRROR*. I cannot do better than conclude my notice of this amiable youth with some pleasing lines, written on occasion

of his death, by Josiah Conder, author of "The Star in the East," and other poems:—

What is this world at best,
Though dock'd in vernal bloom,
By hope and youthful fancy drest,
What, but a ceaseless toil for rest,
A passage to the tomb?
If flow'rets strew
The avenue,
Though fair, alas! how fading, and how few!
And every hour comes arm'd
By sorrow or by woe;
Conceal'd beneath its little wings,
A scythe the soft-shod pilferer brings,
To lay some comfort low;
Some time t' unbind,
By love entwin'd,
Some silken bond that holds the captive mind.

And every month displays
The ravages of time:
Faded the flowers! The spring is past!
The scatter'd leaves; the wintry blast,
Warn to a milder clime;
The songsters flee
The leafless tree,
And bear to huddler roosts their melody.

Henry! the world no more
Can claim thee for her own!
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre employ'd on nobler themes
Before th' eternal throne;
Yet, spirit dear,
Forgive me the tear
Which those must shed who're doom'd to linger here.

Although a stranger, I
In friendship's train would weep;
Lost to the world, alas! so young,
And must thy lyre, in silence hung,
On the dark cypress sleep?
The poet, all
Their friend may call,
And Nature's self attends his funeral.

Although with feeble wing
Thy flight I would pursue,
With quicken'd zeal, with humbled pride,
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,
One heaven alike in view;
True, it was thine
To tow'r, to shine,
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

If Jesus own my name,
(Though fame pronounce'd it never),
Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,
But all whose absence here I moan,
Circling with harps the golden throne,
I shall unite for ever;
At death, then, why
Tremble or sigh?
Oh! who would wish to live but he who fears
to die!

WILLIAM PALIN.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF FREEMASONRY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As various surmises and criticisms have been formed, and illiberal attacks made upon the subject of Freemasonry, I, sometime since, when master of a respectable country lodge, compiled, and at sundry times delivered, the following. If you think proper it should occupy a page in your highly entertaining miscellany, the perusal of it may be amusing to many of your readers, amongst whom is

Yours, &c. W. C.

MASONRY is an institution founded upon a sublime, rational, and moral principle, with the praiseworthy design of recalling to our remembrance the most important truths in the midst of the most innocent and social pleasure, and promoting, without the least ostentation, or the hope of reward, the most diffusive benevolence, the most generous and extensive philanthropy, and the most warm and affectionate brotherly love.

The brightest titles suffer no diminution of lustre by being professors of it; even nobility itself acquires an additional distinction by countenancing and protecting so ancient and venerable an institution. If antiquity merits our attention, where shall we find a society in the known world that has so just a claim?

As masons, we are well informed from Holy Writ, that the building of King Solomon's temple was a most important crisis, from whence we derive many mysteries of our art. This great event took place above a thousand years before the Christian era, consequently many centuries before that wise and learned philosopher, Pythagoras, brought from the East his sublime system of truly masonic instruction to illuminate the western world; yet, remote as that period was, we date not from thence the commencement of our art, for, although we are indebted to that wise and glorious King of Israel for many of our mystic forms and hieroglyphic ceremonies, yet the art itself is coeval with the creation of the world, when the great and glorious architect of the universe, upon masonic principles, formed from chaos this beautiful globe, and commanded that master science, geometry, to lay the rule for the planetary orbs, and to regulate, by its unerring laws, the motions of that stupendous system in just proportion, rolling round the central sun.

In all civilized ages and countries masonry has been universally admired. Men of the most exalted characters have considered it their glory to honour and protect it. It is an art, for whose dignity

and protection many hundred lodges have been established in the four quarters of the habitable globe; and in whatever else men may dispute and disagree, yet they are unanimous in supporting so amiable an institution, as it annihilates all differences, conciliates all private opinions, and renders those who by their Almighty Father were formed of one blood, to be of one heart, one mind, brothers bound; firmly bound together in one unalterable, one unalienable tie, the love of their God, and the love of their fellow-creatures.

Masonry must and will always keep pace with the culture and civilization of mankind; for we may with truth aver, that where Masonry is *not*, civilization is not to be found. In rude and barbarous countries and in savage climes, where operative masonry never lays the line or stretches the compasses, we must be convinced that neither liberal art nor useful science can ever shine upon them, but where Masonry exerts its heaven-directed talents—where it erects the lofty temples, spacious palaces, noble bridges, and benevolent hospitals—where it gives to its patron Architecture completion and glory—then does it eminently display the improvement of youth and the delight of old age, the ornament of prosperity and the solace and comfort of adverse hours; it pleases us at home—it is no incumbrance abroad—it lodges with us, travels with us, and adds pleasure and amusement in all our solitary retirements.

The professors of masonry are possessed of certain signs and tokens, known only by themselves, which have been preserved with inviolable secrecy from remotest ages. These were originally adopted that they might know each other with the greater ease and certainty from the rest of mankind, that impostors might not intrude upon their confidence and brotherly affection, and intercept the fruits of their benevolence. This, amongst masons, became an universal language, and which, notwithstanding the confusion of tongues, or the forbidding alienation of custom, draws from the heart of a stranger the acknowledgment of a brother, with all its attendant endearments.

The decorations and symbols of the craft serve to characterise our noble institution; and the emblems are certain indications of the simplest, purest, and most important moral truths. Masonry connects men of all nations and of all opinions into one amicable, firm, and permanent association; binds them by new obligations to the discharge of every relative and moral duty; and thus becomes the most essential support and brightest ornament of social life; opens a wider

channel for benevolent actions, and adds a new source to human happiness. Its laws are reason and equity; its principles benevolence and love; and its religion purity and truth;—its inclination is peace on earth, and its disposition good will towards men.

Let us be cautious, then, my brethren, that our private as well as public conduct may never contradict our professions. Let us studiously avoid being guilty of any vice or impropriety, that may tarnish the lustre of our jewels, or bring a disgrace upon the credit of the craft. Masonry will rise to the zenith of its glory, if our lives do justice to its noble principles; and the world will see that our actions hold a strict and uniform correspondence with the incomparable tenets we profess. Remember, brothers, we are the associated friends of humanity; that our sacred union embraces in its philanthropy the amities of the Gospel; and that charity, in its largest extent and widest exercise, is our distinguished characteristic. A Mason's disposition should be mild as the autumnal breeze, open as the air, and genial as the sun, cheering and comforting all around him; his deeds should be pleasant as the clear shining after rain, and diffusive as a dewy cloud upon a harvest day.

If we have truly and sincerely at heart a real love for the honour and dignity of Masonry—if we *square* our lives and actions by the unerring laws transmitted to us—if in our dealings with mankind we act strictly on the *level*—if, in our deportment through life we walk humbly before God, upright as the *plumb-line*, and within *compass*, then shall we merit and obtain the distinguished character of good men and true, as also that of wise and experienced Free and Accepted Masons.

W. C. P. M. B. C. of the
H. R. A. C.

North Briston.

ST. ANNE'S WELL, NOTTING- HAM.

ST. ANNE'S WELL is situated one mile north of Nottingham. Near the well, which is frequented by many persons as a cold bath, and reckoned the second coldest in England, there stood anciently a chapel dedicated to St. Anne, whence the well obtained the name it bears, though before this chapel was built it was known by the name of Robin Hood's well, and by some is so called to this day.

The people who keep the bowling-green and public-house, to promote the

holiday trade, shew an old wicker chair, which they call Robin Hood's chair, a bow, and an old cap, both these they affirm to have been this famous freebooter's property; this little artifice takes so well with the people in low life, that at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, it procures them a great deal of business, for at those times great numbers of young men bring their sweet-hearts to this well and give them a treat, and the girls think themselves ill-used if they they have not been saluted by their lovers in Robin Hood's chair.

Of the chapel I find no account; but that there has been one in this place is visible, for the east wall of that quondam chapel supports the east side of the house, which is built on the spot where that place of worship stood. In the room of the altar is now a great fire-place, over which was found upon a stone the date of the building of this chapel, viz. 1409, which, says Dr. Deering, whilst legible, one Mr. Ellis, a watchmaker, took down in his pocket-book and communicated to me; by this it appears that it was built in the reign of king Henry IV. and who knows whether it might not be founded by that king, who resided about that time at Nottingham? It did not stand much above two hundred years, for my oft mentioned anonymous author does not remember any of the ruins of the chapel, who wrote his account in 1641, which, however, he might plainly have seen, had he taken notice of the east wall of stone, when all the rest of the present house is a brick building.

St. Anne's well was about a hundred years ago a very famous place of resort, concerning which, take the above author's account in his own words.—

"At the well there is a dwelling house serving as an habitation for the woodward of those woods, being an officer of the mayor. This house is likewise a victualling-house, having adjoining to it fair summer houses, bowers or arbours, covered by the plashing and interweaving of oak boughs for shade, in which are tables of large oak planks, and are seated about with banks of earth, fleightered and covered with green sods like green carnie cushions. There is also a building containing two fair rooms, an upper and a lower, serving for such as repair thither to retire to in case of rain or bad weather. Thitherto the town men resort by an ancient custom beyond memory.

"Among the meetings I may not omit one royal and remarkable assembly at this place, whereof myself was an eyewitness, which was, that it pleased our late sovereign king James, in his return

from hunting in this forest, to honour this well with his royal presence, ushered by that noble lord, Gilbert, earl of Shrewsbury, and attended by many others of the nobility, both of the court and country, where they drank the woodward and his barrels dry."

THE COLOUR OF RUM.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Observing in the MIRROR of this day a communication from *Clavis*, on the subject of sugar, wherein he states that rum "derives its colour from the wooden puncheons in which it is brought to England," I take the opportunity to remark, that he has conceived a very erroneous idea of the means by which the colour is produced—being by the introduction of a compound called "colouring," composed of burnt sugar, &c.; and it is evident the colour is not occasioned by the wood, from the fact of a vast quantity being imported in its original state—viz., white and clear as water.—Your notice of this at your earliest convenience will oblige,

Your's, &c.

29th Oct., 1825.

PASCHE.

Origins and Inventions.

No. VIII.

CANDIDATE.

It was the custom, while the Roman republic subsisted in full vigour, for the candidates for high offices to appear on the day of election in long white robes; intimating by this, that their characters likewise ought to be pure and unsullied. Hence the origin of our word candidate, from *candidus*, white, pure, sincere, upright, &c. In the Roman commonwealth, we are told, they were obliged to wear a white gown, during the two years of their soliciting for a place. This garment, according to Plutarch, they wore without any other clothes, that the people might not suspect they concealed money for purchasing votes; and also, that they might the more easily show to the people the scars of those wounds they had received in fighting for the defence of the commonwealth. It was also unlawful to put up for any public office, or magistracy, unless the candidate had attained to a certain age, which differed according to the offices sued for.

FRANKING LETTERS.

THE privilege of franking letters by Members of Parliament occurred in the debate on the Post-Office Bill in the year

1690, concerning which the following is related in the 23rd volume of the Parliamentary History:—"Colonel Titus reported the Bill for the settlement of the post-office, with the amendments. Sir Walter Earle delivered a proviso, for the letters of all Members of Parliament to go free, *during their sitting*. Sir Hennege Finch said, 'It was a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honour of the house.' Mr. Prynne spoke also against the proviso. Mr. Bunckley, Mr. Boscawen, Sir George Downing, and Sergeant Charlton for it; the latter saying the Council's letters went free. The question being called for, the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimstone, was unwilling to put it, saying, *he was ashamed of it*. Nevertheless, the proviso was carried, and made part of the Bill, which was ordered to be engrossed." The Lords subsequently disagreed to this proviso, and it was ultimately thrown out. At a subsequent period, however, both houses did not feel it to be "below their honour" to secure for themselves this exemption from postage.

ELECTION RIBANDS.

A PARLIAMENT was held at Oxford in the beginning of 1681, on which occasion the representatives of the City of London assembled at Guildhall on the 17th of March, for the purpose of commencing their journey. Many of the citizens met them there, intending to accompany them part of their way, together with others who were deputed to go to Oxford as a sort of council to the City Members. "Some of our ingenious London weavers," says Smith's 'Protestant Intelligence,' "had against this day contrived a very fine fancy; that is, a blue satin riband, having these words plainly and legibly wrought upon it, 'No Popery, No Slavery,' which being tied up in knots, were worn in the hats of the horsemen who accompany our members."

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

Of the hundreds into which many of the English counties were divided by King Alfred, for their better government, the jurisdiction was originally vested in particular courts, but came afterwards to be devolved to the county courts, and so remains at present, except with regard to some, as the Chiltern Hundreds in Buckinghamshire, which have been by privilege annexed to the crown. These having still their own courts, a steward of those courts is appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a salary of twenty shillings, and all fees, &c. belonging to the office. This is made a matter of convenience to the Members of Parliament; when any of

them wish to resign, he accepts the nominal office of the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and by this vacates his seat.

ADMIRAL.

ACCORDING to Ducange, the Sicilians were the first, and the Genoese the next, who gave the name admiral to the commanders of their fleets, deriving it from the Arabic *amir*, or *emir*, a designation applicable to any commanding officer.

GIVING QUARTER.

THIS term, so well known in warfare, had its origin in an agreement between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of an officer or soldier should be the quarter of his year's pay. Hence to beg quarter was to offer a quarter of their pay for personal safety; and to refuse quarter, was not to accept the offered ransom.

CITY ARMS.

THE introduction of the dagger as a part of the City arms, instead of the plain cross, which was previously used, and the title of *Lord* prefixed to *Mayor* of London, was first conferred by Richard II. in consequence of Sir William Walworth (then Mayor of London) killing Wat Tyler in Smithfield.

COAL.

ON the authority of chronology, this useful and necessary mineral was first discovered near Newcastle, in the year 1234; and Stowe observes they were first used in London in the reign of Edward I., but, says he, "the smoke was supposed to corrupt the air so much, that he forbade the use of them by proclamation."

RED HERRINGS.

IN a curious old pamphlet, published in 1599, called the "Lenten Stuffe," the author says, "The discovery of red herrings was owing to accident, by a fisherman having hung some up in his cabin, where, what with his firing and smoking, a smoky firing, in that his narrow lobby (house), his herrings, which were as white as whalebone when he hung them up, now looked as red as a (boiled) lobster."

F. R.—Y.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

REMINISCENCES OF MICHAEL KELLY.

THE following interesting anecdotes are from a work on the eve of publication, entitled, "Reminiscences of Michael

Kelly, of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal Drury-Lane: Abroad and at home."

DR. O'LEARY AND CURRAN.

I HAD the pleasure also to be introduced to my worthy countryman, the Reverend Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic Priest; he was a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation. I felt highly honoured by the notice of this pillar of the Roman Church; our tastes were congenial, for his reverence was mighty fond of whiskey punch, and so was I: and many a jug of St. Patrick's eye-water, night after night, did his reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that exhilarating and national beverage. He sometimes favoured me with his company at dinner; when he did, I always had a corned shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen, who shall be nameless, was ravenously fond of that dish.

One day, the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honour to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, and, as may easily be imagined, O'Leary *versus* Curran was no bad match.

"One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter."

"And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, Reverend Father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honour and conscience, Counsellor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

THE DUKE D'AGUILLON.

ONE morning he called on me, and said he had a favour to beg of me. I requested him to command my services: he said, "My dear Kelly, I am under many obligations for your repeated acts of kindness and hospitality to me and my friends; but still, though under a cloud, and labouring under misfortunes, I cannot forget that I am the Duke D'Aguillon, and cannot stoop to borrow or beg from mortal; but I confess I am nearly reduced to my last shilling, yet I still retain my health and spirits; formerly, when I was a great amateur, I was particularly partial to copying music,—it was then a source of amusement to me. Now, my

good friend, the favour I am about to ask is, that, *sub rosa*, you will get me music to copy for your theatres, upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist, who was a stranger to you. I am now used to privations, my wants are few; though accustomed to palaces, I can content myself with a single bed-room up two pair of stairs; and if you will grant my request, you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands."

I was moved almost to tears by the application, and was at a loss what to answer, but thought of what Lear says,

"Take physic, pomp!"

and "to what man may be reduced." I told him I thought I could procure him as much copying as he could do, and he appeared quite delighted; and the next day I procured plenty for him. He rose by day-light to accomplish his task—was at work all day—and at night, full dressed, in the Opera House in the pit. While there, he felt himself Duke D'Aguillon; and no one ever suspected him to be a drudge in the morning, copying music for a shilling per sheet; and strange to say, that his spirits never drooped; nine Englishmen out of ten under such circumstances would have destroyed themselves; but the transitory peace of mind he enjoyed was not of long duration; an order came from the Alien Office for him and his friends to leave England in two days; they took an affectionate leave of me: the Duke went to Hamburg, and there was condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.

SHERIDAN'S PIZARRO.

EXPECTATION was on tip-toe; "Pizarro" was advertised, and every box in the house taken, before the fourth act of the play was begun to be written; nor had I one single word of the poetry for which I was to compose the music. Day after day was I attending on Mr. Sheridan, representing that time was flying; and that nothing was done for me. His answer uniformly was, "Depend upon it, my dear Mic, you shall have plenty of matter to go on with to-morrow;"—but day after day, that morrow came not, which, as my name was advertised as the composer of the music, drove me half crazy.

One day I was giving a dinner to the Earl of Guilford, the Marquis of Ormond (then Lord Ormond), my valued friend Sir Charles Bampfylde, Sir Francis Burdett, George Colman, J. Richardson, M. Lewis, and John Kemble; and, about ten o'clock, when I was in the full enjoyment

of this charming society, Mr. Sheridan appeared before us, and informed my friends that he must carry me off with him that moment to Drury Lane; begged they would excuse my absence for one hour, and he would return with me. I saw it would be useless to contradict him, so I went to the theatre, and found the stage and house lighted up, as it would have been for a public performance; not a human being there, except ourselves, the painters, and carpenters; and all this preparation was merely that he might see two scenes, those of *Pizarro's* tent, and the temple of the Sun.

The great author established himself in the centre of the pit, with a large bowl of negus on the bench before him; nor would he move until it was finished. I expostulated with him upon the cruelty of not letting me have the words which I had to compose, not to speak of his having taken me away from my friends, to see scenery and machinery, with which, as I was neither painter, nor carpenter, nor machinist, I could have nothing to do: his answer was, that he wished me to see the Temple of the Sun, in which the chorusses and marches were to come over the platform.—“To-morrow,” said he, “I promise I will come and take a cutlet with you, and tell you all you have to do. My dear Mic, you know you can depend upon me; and I know that I can depend upon you; but these bunglers of carpenters require looking after.”

After this promise we returned to my house; I found my party waiting; nor did we separate until five o'clock in the morning.

But if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that in which the actors were left, when I state the fact, that at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth! Mr. Sheridan was up stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piece-meal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.

STRATAGEM TO GET A WATCH.

MR. HARRIS, the late proprietor of Co-

vent Garden Theatre, who had a great regard for Sheridan, had at different times frequent occasions to meet him on business, and made appointment after appointment with him, not one of which Sheridan ever kept. At length Mr. Harris, wearied out, begged his friend Mr. Palmer, of Bath, to see Mr. Sheridan, and tell him, that unless he kept the next appointment made for their meeting, all acquaintance between them must end for ever.

Sheridan expressed great sorrow for what had been in fact inevitable, and positively fixed one o'clock the next day to call upon Mr. Harris at the theatre. At about three he literally made his appearance in Hart-street, where he met Mr. Tregent, the celebrated French watch-maker, who was extremely theatrical, and had been the intimate friend of Garrick.

Sheridan told him, that he was on his way to call upon Harris.

“I have just left him,” said Tregent, “in a violent passion, having waited for you ever since one o'clock.”

“What have you been doing at the theatre?” said Sheridan.

“Why,” replied Tregent, “Harris is going to make Bate Dudley a present of a gold watch, and I have taken him half a dozen that he may choose one for that purpose.”

“Indeed,” said Sheridan.

They wished each other good day, and parted.

Mr. Sheridan proceeded to Mr. Harris's room, and when he addressed him, it was pretty evident that his want of punctuality had produced the effect which Mr. Tregent had described.

“Well, Sir,” said Mr. Harris, “I have waited at least two hours for you again; I had almost given you up, and if—

“Stop, my dear Harris,” said Sheridan, interrupting him; “I assure you these things occur more from my misfortunes than my fault; I declare I thought it was but one o'clock, for it so happens that I have no watch, and to tell you the truth, am too poor to buy one; but when the day comes that I can, you will see I shall be as punctual as any other man.”

“Well, then,” said the unsuspecting Harris, “if that be all, you shall not long want a watch, for here—(opening his drawer)—are half a dozen of Tregent's best—choose any one you like, and do me the favour of accepting it.”

Sheridan affected the greatest surprise at the appearance of the watches; but did as he was bid, and selected certainly not the worst for the *cadeau*.”

TALLY HO.

WHEN Kelly was at Vienna, an Italian of the name of Botterelli, who had married an English woman, a singer at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, applied to him to get the Emperor's patronage to a concert, which he obtained, and the house was crowded.

At the end of the first act, the beautiful Syren, led into the orchestra by her *caro sposo*, placed herself just under the Emperor's box, the orchestra being on the stage. She requested me to accompany her song on the piano-forte.—I of course consented. Her air and manner spoke "dignity and love." The audience sat in mute and breathless expectation. The doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. I struck the chords of the symphony—silence reigned, when, to the dismay and astonishment of the brilliant audience, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice or time, or indeed one note in tune, the hunting song of "Tally ho!" in all its pure originality. She continued shrieking out Tally ho! tally ho! in a manner and tone so loud and dissonant, that they were enough to blow off the roof off the house. The audience jumped up terrified; some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, others hooted, and many joined in the unknown yell, in order to propitiate her. The Emperor called me to him, and asked me in Italian what Tally ho! meant?—I replied I did not know, and literally, at that time, I did not.

His Majesty the Emperor finding that even I, a native of Great Britain, either could not, or would not explain the purport of the mysterious words, retired with great indignation from the theatre; and the major part of the audience, convinced by his Majesty's sudden retreat that they contained some horrible meaning, followed the royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard in the lobbies cautioning their daughters on their way out, never to repeat the dreadful expression of "Tally ho!" nor venture to ask any of their friends for a translation of it.

BOW NOT OF BANNISTER.

A PERSON of the name of Bowden made his appearance at Covent Garden in *Robin Hood*, and was received with great applause. In the same box, with Madame Mara and myself, sat Charles Bannister, who had originally acted the same part of *Robin Hood*; a person next to him, who was vehemently applauding

Bowden, had the bad taste to say to Bannister (purposely, I suppose, to mortify him), "Aye, aye, Sir, Bowden is the true *Robin Hood*, the only *Robin Hood*;" on which Bannister replied, "Sir, he may be *Robin Hood* this year, but next season he will be robbing Harris." This *jeu d'esprit* produced some merriment.

MOODY AND THE SAILOR.

MOODY, in early life, was sent out to Jamaica, and on his return to England, went on the stage, unknown to his friends. I do not recollect the name of the ship, in which he told me he came to England; but he informed me that he worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast.

One night, some time after he had been on the stage, when he was acting *Stephano*, in the *Tempest*, a sailor in the front row of the pit of Drury Lane, got up, and standing upon the seat, hallooed out, "What cheer, Jack Moody, what cheer, messmate?"

This unexpected address from the pit rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward to the lamps, and said, "Jack Hullet, keep your jawing tacks aboard—don't disturb the crew and passengers; when the show is over, make sail for the stage-door, and we'll finish the evening over a bowl of punch; but till then, Jack, shut your locker."

After the play was ended, the rough son of Neptune was shewn to Moody's dressing-room, and thence they adjourned to the Black Jack, in Clare Market, (a house which Moody frequented,) and spent a jolly night over sundry bowls of arrack.

MATHEWS AT THE "SCHOOL OF GARRICK" CLUB.

ONE night, when we were full of mirth and glee, and Moody seated, like Jove in his chair, a waiter came in to tell Mr. Henry Johnstone that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the next room. In a few minutes we heard a great noise and bustle, and Henry Johnstone, in a loud tone say, "Sir, you cannot go into the room where the club is: none but members are on any account admitted; such are our rules."

"Talk not to me of your rules," said the stranger; "I insist upon being admitted." And after a long controversy of, "I will go;" and "You sha'n't go;"—the door was burst open, and both contending parties came tumbling in.

The stranger placed himself next to me, and I thought him the ugliest and most impudent fellow I ever met with. He went on with a rhapsody of nonsense,

of his admiration of our society, that he could not resist the temptation of joining it,—filled himself a glass of wine, and drank to our better acquaintance.

Moody, with great solemnity, requested him to withdraw, for no one could have a seat at that table who was not a member.

The stranger replied, "I don't care for your rules;—talk not to me of your regulations—I will not stir an inch!"

"Then," cried the infuriated Moody, "old as I am, I will take upon myself to turn you out."

Moody jumped up, and throttled the stranger, who defended himself manfully;—all was confusion, and poor Moody was getting black in the face; when the stranger threw off his wig, spectacles, and false nose, and before us, stood Mathews himself, in *propria persona*. So well did he counterfeit his assumed character, that except Henry Johnstone, who was his accomplice in the plot, not one amongst us suspected him.

CORSICAN CURIOSITY.

THE traveller in Corsica never meets with a beggar. If he is accosted in his road, it is generally with the question of, "What news do you bring with you?" and others relating to his journey, his business, &c. Often these inquiries extend beyond the trifles that generally engross conversation, even in more civilized countries. The Secretary in Chief of the Prefect related to us the following anecdote:—I was travelling in the interior quite incognito; a peasant came up to me, and asked as usual for news; I told him immediately of the marriages, deaths, &c. that had then lately occurred at Ajaccio. The peasant replied, "I don't want to know those matters; I wish to be informed what the Allied Sovereigns are now doing." The peasantry never feel the least abashed; and whatever may be the appearance of the traveller, they come towards him, rest on their muskets, and begin a conversation as familiarly as if the parties were intimate acquaintances. Each man seems to consider it a duty to bring home as much news as he can learn in his rambles, and to communicate it to his countrymen; and thus, in the absence of public facilities of communication, knowledge is transmitted from one end of the island to the other.—*Benson's Sketches in Corsica.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ACRE.

THIS town is at present the strongest in Syria, being encompassed with a new wall. Being obliged to spend several days here to wait for an opportunity of going to Damascus, we had full opportunity of observing the effects of the war between the two Chiefs. Three or four human heads were frequently brought into the town in the course of the day, cut off by the Pacha's troops from some of the enemy's stragglers, or, in default of them, from the poor peasants. This war was occasioned by mere private feuds, and unauthorised by the Porte. The young Pacha of Acre, who acted in a most rash and ungovernable way, opposed with success the stronger Chief of Damascus by means of the mountain troops of Lebanon. He resolved on cutting a deep and wide trench all round the town, effecting a communication with the sea on each side, which was not impracticable, as the point on which it stood advanced considerably into the sea. But the trench, if executed, could not avail in any way for the defence of the town, as it was more than a mile distant, and an attacking army would find it easy to pass it in the night. But the Pacha believed the place would be impregnable if the water flowed all round it; and to effect this object, he made the whole population go out and work from morning till evening. The soldiers were seen going about the streets, and compelling by blows the idlers they met, to go and dig at the trench. The town was nearly emptied; and on walking one day to the spot, we found all ranks of people, rich men, merchants, and domestics, mingled with the poorer classes, working up to their chins in the ditch, each with the wicker basket in his hand, which they filled with the earth, and then threw its contents above the bank. Some others were employed in digging, and overseers were set over the whole; rations of bread and water were served out at mid-day, and at sun-set they were allowed to enter the city. We walked out a short distance, and stood beneath some palms to view their return. The better order of people came first, the poorer followed; amongst both were seen several noseless and earless people, who had been the objects of Djezzar's cruelty. The mountaineers, who had been compelled to come and assist in the work, came last, singing their mountain songs with great cheerfulness. The gates were closed on them, till summoned to resume their task

the next day. This prince, Selim, is the second in succession from Djazzar. The instances of the latter's cruelty are innumerable. He seemed to take a supreme delight in destroying; yet he has built the handsomest mosque and bathing-house in Syria. Beside the former are a quantity of fine palms, and a beautiful fountain. He was a rigid Mussulman, and never failed to attend the mosque twice a day, and died in his bed at last in peace, at the age of eighty years. The history of his prime minister, the Jew, is tragical and interesting. This Israelite was an uncommonly clever man, and so well versed in all the affairs of the province, as to be invaluable to Djazzar, who cut off his nose and ears, however, for no reason on earth, but still retained him his prime minister. Suleiman, his successor, who governed only two years, could not do without the Jew's services; and on the present Pacha Selim's accession, he stood in as high confidence as ever. "In those days," said Anselac, the Jewish merchant, who was bewailing to us the fate of his friend, "no Turk dared to turn up his nose at a Jew in the streets of Acre, or discover the least insult in his manner; but the face of things was changed at last." The unfortunate Israelite had served Selim for some time with his usual integrity and talent, when his enemies, taking advantage of the young Pacha's ignorance and weakness, persuaded him that his minister, from his long intercourse with the Porte, and deep experience in intrigue, would probably be induced to maintain a secret correspondence, and detail his master's exactions. The next time the minister appeared, he was ordered to confine himself to his house, and not appear again at the palace till sent for. He obeyed, trembling and astonished, and remained in safety secluded amidst his family and friends. But the habit of ruling had taken too strong hold on his mind; this quiet and inactive life pressed heavily on the old man's spirits, and he resolved to venture to go to Court again. He came and prostrated himself before the Pacha, and humbly demanded to know what his offences were, and why he had been deprived of his office. Selim was very angry at seeing him again, and bade him instantly begone. The advantage he had thus given his enemies over him was not lost. A few evenings after he was at supper with his family, when one of his servants told him two messengers from the palace were below; he instantly knew their errand, and tranquilly retiring to another apartment, requested a short time to say his prayers, and was then strangled

by the mutes, and his body thrown into the sea. "I was returning," said Anselac, "on the following evening from Sidon, and saw a body on the shore, partly out of water; and on coming to the spot, found it was that of my friend and countryman, the minister, of whose cruel death I had not heard." This poor man removed soon after with his family to Beirut, under the Consul's protection, as he thought the Pacha might take it into his head to serve him in like manner, or strip him of his property. Djazzar was called the butcher, partly from a small axe he carried at his sash of an exquisite edge; and he sometimes amused himself by coming behind a culprit, or an innocent person (it mattered little which), and, hitting him a blow with it on the back of the neck, putting an instant period to his care. During one of Djazzar's journeys to guard over the deserts the caravan of Mecca, his nephew, Suleiman, found access to his seraglio: the chief, on his return, discovering the circumstance, drew his hanger, and stabbed several of his wives with his own hand. The Porte often attempted to take him off, but the various Capigé Bashis sent for that purpose were none of them suffered to enter his presence, as the death-warrant of the Sultan, if exhibited in presence of the offender, is never resisted even by his own guards. He very civilly received all their kind inquiries after his health, and the welfare of his province, and took care to have them taken off snugly by poison.

New Monthly Magazine.

THE ROAD OVER MOUNT CAUCASUS.

(Concluded from page 303.)

IN order to form a regular road through the midst of all these impediments, it was necessary to work a distance of no less than thirty-two wersts. Rocks were levelled, galleries excavated, the river turned into a straighter and more regular bed, and its power, as it could not be subdued, divided and lessened. Its winding course formerly required twenty-four bridges within a distance of twenty wersts. These bridges were made of slight wicker-work, supported by half rotten beams; fabrics which threatened and sometimes occasioned destruction to those who ventured over them on foot or horseback. They were kept up by different mountain tribes, who levied a toll upon the passengers: and woe to them that refused to satisfy their demands! an instantaneous death was their lot. Sometimes they le-

vied their toll on the travellers entering the pass; and their stations were so well chosen, that it was impossible to escape. Most of these bridges having become useless, have been destroyed, and two durable ones built near Wladikawkas and Dariel. The natives are prevented from enforcing their ancient claims upon travellers; but a toll is levied upon merchants by Russian officers, and afterwards distributed, according to the rank of each individual, amongst the natives.

The immense task was accomplished within six years, and now there is a road across these mountains, as good as the nature of the ground will admit. It is only, however fit for use in summer; in winter it is impassable, especially between Kobi and Kaitaur, near the cross. Both the cold and snow set in with the severity of the highest latitude; the wintry storms, pent up amongst the narrow passes, raise such masses of snow as totally to obscure the air; and the mountains, throwing off their burdens, completely fill the glens which separate them. At such a season, nothing but death awaits the bold adventurer who dares to advance within those passes; and many are those who, fancying that nothing can withstand man's courageous enterprise, have been engulfed in the snow, and perished.

As soon, however, as the falling of the avalanches has ceased, every effort is made to restore the communication; and the snow being heaped up in mounds, the traveller may again venture to tread the rocky path which leads to the southern declivity, where all traces of winter, and all the difficulties attending its severity, at once disappear.

In order to facilitate the passage over this stupendous bulwark of nature, and to allow the traveller a place of refuge and rest, in one of its highest vales a family of Ossets reside, established there by the Czar of Georgia, and now pensioned by the Russian government. They are to Mount Caucasus what the monks are to Mount St. Bernard.

The difficulties of preserving this road are, however, not solely confined to winter. In the year 1817, from the beginning of May till near autumn, these mountains were deluged with rain. Enormous masses of stone and earth, often covered with large trees, were carried down into the pass, sometimes forming new islands in the middle of the Terrek, whose waters, swelled to an incredible volume, swept away the labour of years, destroying nearly the whole line of road which had been built with so much exertion, and among the rest, the massy stone bridge which at Wladikawkas had connected its two

shores. All means of communication being thus cut off, a rope bridge was formed from one ridge to the other, upon which, as is frequently done in America, passengers were drawn over the raging torrent.

No time or labour was lost in re-establishing the communication between Russia and its Georgian territories; and in less than four months the road was again practicable. Scarcely, however, was this Herculean task accomplished, when the winter set in with unprecedented fury; an avalanche of an immense size detached itself from the neighbouring mountains, and carrying with it all that could impede its mighty career, to a course of fifteen wersts, filled the pass of the Torek to a great distance, and to a height of fifty fathoms. The river was for a time stopped, until, uniting all its strength, it broke a passage through the midst of this mountain of snow. But it was necessary to carry the road, for nearly eighteen months, over the tops of the hills, till the snow, gradually melting and lowering, became condensed into ice, and was burst with gunpowder; a defile was then cut through it, with the old road, although much damaged, for its foundation.

It was in this condition that M. Eichfeld saw it in the year 1819. Since that period the road has been completely restored, but still requires very extensive repairs at the end of every winter. It is apprehended that the fall of avalanches, such as that described, will take place every seven or nine years, when Mount Kasbeg is so overloaded with snow as to be compelled to throw off its superabundance. The ruins which those avalanches leave behind after the snow is melted, are such as a speculative traveller would consider as the effects of the deluge. Nothing but volcanoes seem wanting to unite all the terrors of nature in these wild regions; for earthquakes are not uncommon here, some of which have continued, with more or less violence, for a month together; for instance, in the years 1804 and 1817. In fact, it may be said that the years 1817 and 1818 were most formidable for these regions, as much in a moral as in a physical point of view; since some of the mountain tribes displayed at that period more than ordinary fury and determination; such, indeed, as compelled the Russian government to resort to a war almost of extermination, in order to secure not only this mountain pass, but likewise the peaceful inhabitants on both sides of the range, against the ferocious depredations of these untameable hordes. They seem now either to be entirely destroyed, or so weakened and hemmed in with forts

and garrisons, as to be unable to stir beyond their respective boundaries, or to act in concert with one another. Even the savage Tshetshenzi are constrained to peace, and the road from Kisgar to Derbent, formerly so perilous to travellers, may now be pursued with perfect security.

Asiatic Journal.

The Nobelist.

No. LXXIX.

JAN SCHALKEN'S THREE WISHES.

A DUTCH LEGEND.

At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention whilst it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes:—One dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting with his good-natured buxom wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient doze by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man, but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head after the fashion of a cowl. "I am a poor traveller (said the stranger), and want a night's lodging. Will you grant it to me?" "Aye, to be sure (replied Schalken); but I am afraid your cheer will be but sorry. Had you come sooner you might have fared better. Sit down, however, and eat of what is left." The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him: "It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and the powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man should welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, those wishes shall be gratified." Now Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them; and, accordingly, began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man

who had few or no ambitious views; and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence; but, on the contrary, had a very sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first. "Let my wife and myself live fifty years longer than nature had designed." "It shall be done," cried the stranger. Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he be-thought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given." This was also assented to. Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set their clay platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached close to the stranger, and in a low whisper told him his third and last wish; that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut, should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order. This wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his way. Years passed on, and his last two wishes had been fully gratified by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified or made manifest. It happened that the birthdays of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him 79 years, and Mietje 73 years of age, when the moon that was shining through the window of the hut seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and the stars rushed down the dark clouds, and lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward, with their mighty waves of cloud. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red. All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death; and in a few minutes afterwards sure enough he came. He was, however, very

different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little colour; but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that by right they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty years' respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon, and the stars, and the waters regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years everything passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death came preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. "Well, good folks (said he), you now can have no objection to accompany me; for assuredly you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough." The old dame wept and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very dejected, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said, "Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, Sir, get it for us." Death, with great condescension, complied, and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but to his surprise and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immovable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of living another half century.

They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and Death came to the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity and hurt his pride not a little. "Come, Jan (said he), you used me scurvily the other day (Death thinks but little of fifty years!) and I am now determined to lose no time—come."

Jan was sitting at his little table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the

pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him:—"I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world I should like to do all the good I can, and was engaged when you arrived in making a will, that a poor lad, who has been always kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down, in a few minutes my task will be ended." Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period, and exactly on their birthday, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt water flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants.—*European Magazine*.

Miscellanies.

BONAPARTE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

THE general plan of the town of Ajaccio is very simple. One broad street leads from the sea to the barracks; another, nearly as wide but much shorter, cuts the former at right angles; besides these there are many subordinate streets, extremely narrow and dirty.

The house in which Napoleon Bonaparte was born is among the best in the town; it forms one side of a miserable little court, leading out of the Rue Charles.

It is very accurately given in the recent work of *Les Casca*. At present it is inhabited by M. Ramoullino, one of the Deputies for the Department of Corsica. Among other curiosities which this residence contains, is a little cannon, that was the favourite plaything of Bonaparte's childhood. It weighs, according to M. Joly de Vaubignon, thirty French pounds. This toy-cannon may have given the first bias to his disposition. As Ajaccio was his birth-place, so was it the scene of his first military exploit. In the year 1793, Bonaparte, then *Chef de Bataillon* of National Guards, was sent from Bastia to surprise Ajaccio, at that time in possession of the Corsican rebels. Leaving the frigate in which he had entered the gulf, he headed fifty men, and put off to take possession of the Torre di Capistello,

a tower on the opposite side nearly facing Ajaccio. No sooner was this point carried, than a dreadful tempest arose, which rendered it impossible to return to the frigate. He was forced, therefore, to fortify himself against the insurgents, who assailed him on all sides; a state of great danger ensued, and he was even reduced to feed on horse-flesh. Whilst in this condition, he is said to have harangued the rebels in that strain of emphatical eloquence which prevails among the Corsicans, and to have succeeded in gaining over many of the opposite party. On the fourth day, before he abandoned the tower, he attempted to blow it up, without success. The fissures still apparent in the tower are attributable to that attempt.

A BLOW-UP OVER LONDON BRIDGE.

AMONG the King's pamphlets in the British Museum, is a sort of advertisement, printed in 1847, of an experiment offered to be tried at London Bridge, by a Captain Bullmer. It is intitled, "The proposition of Captaine John Bullmer, remaining upon record in the Office of Assurance, London, for the blowing of a boate, with a man or boy in her, over London Bridge in safety."

The Captain thus states the particulars of his wonderful performance:—

"The said John Bullmer propoundeth, that he (by God's assistance) shall and will, at, in, or with a flowing water, set oute a boate or vessell with an engine floating, with a man or boy in or aboard the said boate or vessell in the river Thames, on the east side of London Bridge; which said boate or vessell, with the said man or boy in or aboard the same, shall the same tide (before low water be come) by the art of the said Bullmer, and helpe of the said engine, be blowne so high with a breath of man as that the same shall passe and be delivered over London Bridge, together with the said man or boy in or aboarde her, and floate againe in the said river Thames on the other side of the said bridge, in safety, &c."

We have not met with any subsequent account of the means by which this feat was to be performed, or whether it ever took place or not; but it certainly (if not a deception) seems to give place to none of modern days.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

THE late Capt. O'Byrne, of gambling memory, having made a bet on the sub-

ject of Admiral Payne, wrote the following note to him:—

"Dear Payne,—Pray were you bred to the sea?"

To which the Admiral returned, for answer:—

"Dear O'Byrne,—No; but the sea was broad to me."

IRISH BULL.

A BIOGRAPHY of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following ludicrous manner:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

THE BATHOS.

BY PROFESSOR FORSON.

SINCE mountains sink to vales, and valleys die,

And seas and rivers mourn their sources dry;

"When my old cassock," says a Welsh divine,

"Is out at elbows, why should I repine?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length to which our Anecdotes from Miss Kelly's forthcoming work has extended, has precluded the insertion of other articles intended for our present Number, and limits our space for answers to correspondents.

The gentleman who sent us an original design for a building shall hear from us in a day or two.

We thank our fair correspondent for her kind note on the subject of the lines attributed to Lady Byron; we always doubted their authenticity, and are happy to learn the disavowal of them by her Ladyship before we gave them further currency. The offered autograph will be very acceptable.

The Revolvers, A Friend to Humanity, R. C.—n, The Village Pen, Leaves from a Journal, and several other original articles, are intended for our next or the following Number.

We much fear the communication of *G. W. B.* will be too long for us. Some of the miscellaneous articles shall have an early place.

The article sent from Whitby (if including one or two drawings) has been mislaid, but we hope to find it in a day or two.

The following have been received:—*W. W. P. P.*; *A*, with poetical communications from *Constant Readers, Louisa, Horatio*, and a host of love-sick swains and damsels, which we really know not what to do with.

G. W. N.'s last communication shall have a place when we give an engraving of the place to which it relates, which will be in a few weeks.

We fear the drawing sent us by *Ricardus Urbanus* would not make a good engraving.

The amusing anecdote of *W. S.* is too well known.

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